

GEE AITCH 43

No. 20. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Thursday, May 29, 1919

Classy Show in Theatre Tonight

Post League Base Ball Game This Afternoon

A classy W. C. C. S. production has been booked to entertain theatre-goers, and will appear on the local stage tonight. A glance at the program promises well for a complete evening's entertainment. Here it is: 1. Elizabeth Coombs, "Third Waltz"—Chaminade; 2. Arthur White, His own specialty; 3. Margaret Dudley and Mary Smitherman, "Jim and his Girl"; 4. Maurice Jarvis, The Tell Tale Teller; 5. Elizabeth Coombs, "Hail to the Dance," from Eugene Onegin Tschaikowsky; 6. Maude Howell Smith, "The Pud-

ding"; 7. Flora Brylawski, Character Songs, and last but not least is 8, a sketch, "The Grill" by Dr. George Woodruff Johnson, with the following character cast, The Maid, Maude Howell Smith, District Attorney. Maurice R. Jarvis, District Attorney's wife, Madge Tucker, Commissioner of Police, Arthur White. Time: Present. Scene: Library of the District Attorney's Apartment. A two reel movie, a Mack Sennett comedy, "His Feathered Nest" will complete the program for the evening. Doors open at 7 P. M.

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GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday, and devoted to the interests of General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va.

Official Staff:

Lieut. Colonel W. H. Richardson, commanding officer.

J. H. French, Red Cross, field director.

Staff:

Editor.....Sergeant H. M. Hanson
Cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning
Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

Officer of the Day—Lt. L. G. Smith

Thursday, May 29, 1919.

Prudery and hypocrisy are being backed off the earth, those who formed the vanguard of common sense have not lived in vain. The seeds they have sown have evolved into a mighty growth that cannot longer be suppressed; we are just starting to live. The age of fear, hypocrisy, doubt and disease is behind us,—let us onward.

* * *

News paragraphs, like the morning glory, die in a day, but philosophic paragraphs live forever.

* * *

Once, when asked what the secret of his success was, Thomas A. Edison replied: "Keeping at one thing eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Any one can do the same, if he tries hard enough." His reply was truthful, as well as significant. The boy of today that has not had at least a few years' schooling is rare. Few indeed there are that have not had more regular school training than Tom Edison. But his own character, grit, ambition, and ambitious habits proved better to him than any collegiate degree. For, with the pos-

session of these qualities, and a supply of books for home study, Thomas Alva Edison, physicist, chemist, mechanician, and inventor, has done more for himself, more for humanity, and more for civilization and progress than the combined efforts of all the college-bred workers in industrial sciences of the last century.

NEW YORK'S OWN.

New York is used to soldiers. For practically two years now this greatest city has seen passing before its eyes Britishers, with their very shiny buttons and swagger sticks, Frenchmen in dark and horizon blue, businesslike little men with the grief of a nation in their determined eyes, men from Italy in plumed headgear, and swarms of Americans, come from Dakota and Texas and the west coast. One might imagine the city had got hardened, that it had lost the thrill of understanding of what these uniforms meant. In a measure that is true—at least it was true, until New York's own, the 27th Division came home again. All the fighters who had returned to the city before were welcomed sincerely, but, with the exception of the old 15th, which Colonel Bill Hayward brought back recently, somewhat because the city knew the first to arrive meant to other communities what the 27th means to New York. No effort has been spared to welcome the 27th's homecoming, to make it express the gratitude and pride New York feels in it; and no matter what the measure of the welcome or the devout sincerity of it or the appreciation of it by the fighters themselves, we hold it to be but a fraction of what the 27th Division deserves.

Memories, Memories,
Dreams of Civilian Clothes,
O'er the sea of Memories,
I'm drifting back to you.
Armistice days, Discharge days,
And still they keep me here,
Although I'm left all alone,
I wear you still,
In my beautiful Memories.

—A. W. H.

DOINGS AT BARRACKS "I".

Sgt. 1st c. "Morphine" Hughes who has been knocking 'em cold in Hampton of late, has been studying in nights this week and is doing his sewing, prior to a proposed furlough to Missouri. The Sarge says that it's a graduation that is pulling him home, but who ever bought a girl a band ring for a graduation present? You can't take us too far at sea, big boy!

—o—

Sgt. Garbarino is anxiously awaiting a roast chicken and other good eats, that are on their way from Ohio. Nice to have friends even though they be miles away, eh, Sarge?

—o—

A very heated argument was held Monday night as to who would be elected to shut the water off and close the gates when G. H. 43 is no more. After two hours deliberation, the honors went to Sgt. Ernest, who, by the way, has no chance in the world of getting out. He has no dependents and was a bartender in civil life, so rumor goes.

—o—

The White Sox, and their Official "Crabber," Cpl. Foltz, were given the beating of their young lives, in a thirty inning game of indoor ball last evening. In spite of the fact that the Pink-Sox won by a score of 38 to 18, the game was more interesting than the score would indicate. The features of the game were the catching of "Top-Kick" Parker, the fielding of Sgt. Hanby, the Crabbing of Cpl. Foltz and the rooting of "Bill" Holt.

—o—

Sgt. Merle Guthrie has sold his sheep ranch and invested the money in strawberries. He can be seen any Sunday on his way to East Hampton where he spends the Sabbath weeding his garden and setting out new plants. Yes, he's quiet, but very industrious.

To be remembered for the good we do is sweeter than bright drops of honey dew.

FILINGS FROM THE FILE.

"Mary Louise" wishes to announce through the columns of the Gee Aitch 43, that he will entertain the enlisted men's sewing club on Wednesday afternoon, at Barracks M.

—o—

Now What?

Cpl. Sullivan and "Ward Master" Shaefer claim they have a great surprise in store for the detachment, which will be produced at the local theatre, Saturday night. Be on time!

—o—

Lost.

A washboard in the laundry of Quarters 3. If the finder will kindly return same in care of the housekeeper, there will be no questions asked. These handy household articles can be purchased in any hardware store in PHOEBUS.

—o—

Sgt. 1st c. M'Grady—The returns on that fifty cents were many times greater than we expected. We are some proud of your ability. Why not go ranching and learn how to rope 'em, Sarge?

'TIS SO, 'TIS SO.

(Apologies to Somebody.)

It's easy enough to be happy
When your act is scoring high,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When the crowd yells "Can this guy."

Can Anyone Answer This?

One of the newly arrived "Blue Birds" inquires, "Where is this town of 'Feebles' that I hear so much about?"

HOME ON A VISIT.

Pvt. Hinkle and Sgt. Grennon of the Quartermasters are on leave of absence, visiting their homes.

RETURNED FROM FURLOUGH.

Sgt. Meezy, Q. M., has returned from a 15 day visit at home.

The following Medical Detachment men have returned from sojourn at home: Michael Vaffides, Herbert R. Roberts and John L. Hawlks.

WEEK END DIAMOND ACTIVITIES.

Schedule for baseball team for week-end will be Langley Field on our grounds on Saturday, and Camp Morrison on Sunday on Camp Morrison grounds. The pitching staff is temporarily "badly bent," owing to the fact that Slattery was recently discharged and that Schofield is now on furlough. Stauffer will be called upon to assume the burden to throw them up on Saturday. Dempster, of the Thespian team, will hold on one of the outfield positions; if necessary, he can also play infield.

Through a mistake in booking, Post team will play at Morrison instead of here on Sunday. They are the only team which has an edge on the local aggregation, although it is conceded to be a very small edge.

Owing to difficulty in getting good umpiring, it has been arranged that Mr. Mertes, formerly of the Giants, will hold the indicator.

The management of the team is working toward the end of having clean baseball on all occasions played, instead of that variety which means argue, squabbling and participation and advice on the part of the spectators. These teams prove to be trouble-makers, instead of good sportsmen, and will not be asked to play again on these grounds.

In view of the fact that the team is playing on foreign territory, it is hoped that the fans will come out in the same numbers that they do on the home grounds; every available truck at the Post will be called into service. The nurses will be given transportation, and when the game starts the Post team is to have plenty of loyal rooters.

POST LEAGUE.

TODAY—The newly organized Utility team will try their luck against the Registrars.

RED CROSS SERVES REFRESHMENTS.

The local Red Cross treated the patients and personnel of the Post to some very delicious ice cream cones Tuesday afternoon. Thanks from the Post.

POST MAKING READY FOR FIELD DAY.

Sgt. Moneehan, the former Jess Willard trainer, will have charge of boxing and wrestling, and is arranging some exhibitions in that phase of athletics for the big meet.

Races of all descriptions have been arranged, in fact, a first class program, beginning shortly after nine in the morning and lasting until 11 P. M. has been mapped out. This includes baseball games, races and boxing contests for which cash prizes will be given, aeronautic stunts by Lt. George, of Langley Field, a couple of "feeds", tennis matches, cage ball, a good show in the evening, and will wind up by a dance for enlisted men in the Red Cross Convalescent House.

All about the camp, if you watch you will see, athletes testing out their muscles, men busily preparing the field, everything in a bustle of activity for the banner day of the season. All together, then, let's go!

Office of the Drum Major,
General Hospital No. 43, National
Soldiers' Home, Va.

May 28th, 1919.

Sergeant H. M. Hanson,
Editor Gee Aitch 43:

Friend Hanson:

Just shot of a funny one, Hanson, see what you think of it. If you like it, use it. Oh, I'll tell you what you put in. Just print this question: "Why are there so many 'crepe hangers' in the band?" That'll get 'em. Don't forget to save a whole bunch of copies of that issue.

Gosh, you had my name in three times yesterday, but this morning I see you've left me out entirely. What's the matter? Weren't those good cigarettes I gave you the last time? I'll give you a whole cartoon the next time, if you come up and get them. Don't forget to write me up now and then, and don't forget to save me some copies so that I can send them to my friends.

Sgt. 1st c. Berg.

Lt. Col. Richardson made a business call in Washington yesterday.